

Today FedEx came by; I don't like FedEx but do know their drivers are on the bottom of the pile. The landlord wasn't there, they're often not there, but the driver may not have known that--but do I be nice and get involved?

I know if the driver bombs something on the route or falls behind they'll likely be in hot water; one of the last times I saw FedEx a driver was freaking-out because he forgot to get a signature so couldn't leave but the landlord was already gone. I don't like FedEx so don't want to help them but independent contractors have little to do with FedEx--FedEx has a set-up where independent contractors take all the cost, health care, wages, maintenance and the like (or so it once was and still probably is) while drivers and owners do all the work making FedEx look good. The landlord might also get hot that I was there and didn't take the package for them when I could have--they haven't always been bastards, but because I know a working person is out there I decided to tell them the landlord wasn't in--that was the deciding factor in my thinking. After the last several jobs I've had, plus a certified letter from the DOL that I had no rights as a temporary and would not have any as a regular employee either, probably, because it's always been the law in N.C.--it takes me a great deal to decide to be nice these days. The FedEx driver wound-up being Javier Valentin--whose name I probably have wrong. I got a settlement out of FedEx but not after a great deal of fighting and nastiness, from a FedEx corporate lawyer in Moon Township, PA--who insulted me over the phone so I would snap and get nothing; and from one of FedEx's independent contractors who actually followed me and called in on me--after I quit FedEx. I was at Sheetz, an independent driver who used to be a rather useless employee at the hub saw me there on his route so got on his phone--I believe he was working/driving for Valentin. I could see Fat-Body out there telling someone I was at Sheetz. He was hiding behind his truck telling someone he saw me at Sheetz. I was being trailed after leaving FedEx behind. Police advised I quit FedEx--as the DOL's Brian Lampey and the entire world knows, when you point-out a problem the world will be up your ass. When I started FedEx--like anywhere else you work how things will be is what happens after you start: I was immediately propositioned by a younger woman who was immediately interested in me. She rapidly closed the distance asking me how I was. I'd just gotten out of orientation but landed a date like it was a meat market nor had I done any work yet, either; despite that, it was already in the bag. I would pick-up on more physical closeness as time went on--people stood really close to each other at FedEx. I wouldn't have stood that close to someone I didn't personally know, certainly not at work, but I noticed at the hub that people were "1970's water-bed-movie-plot" close--including dialogue, there was little difference between the two scenes. She was okay but not worth the job--like at Wanzl, I'm there to get paid--not go to jail, get high or drunk, get fired and all the things that can happen if you involve yourself with the wrong people. I was an idiot not to know what she was really after. A few months later another girl/woman started working with us

in "Smalls." She'd apparently been injured at her department so now worked with us as some form of light-duty; she seemed like a hooker to me--it seemed I was being propositioned by the pink thong hanging-out and up her butt that seemed to have my name and everyone else's all over it--it was impossible not to notice it. It was like a vertical chem-light. FedEx has an extremely loose dress code, which, for guys, is fantastic--with some women there, it was T&A all day long. Some let it all hang-out and didn't care. Anne, however, was no beauty queen--she acted like a hooker and even threatened to stab me. Hookers do that. As things progressed against me, I would eventually tell FedEx "I think that girl's a hooker, if you really want to know what I think." Skipping ahead, several people in management were involved with who were often called "the girls."

As we worked, Taesha, whose name I also probably got wrong, would stop independent contractors after they parked their trucks inside the hub; as they headed to wherever they were headed to turn in their paperwork she'd chat them up. She had a lot of time to talk. I noticed some of the drivers were quite older than Taesha--I couldn't figure out what Taesha wanted with them. Were they addicted to penis..? "The girls" would openly talk about their previous night's exploits, who would be next as well as tell puzzled, average-looking dudes--who also made no money--that they were "Handsome." Taesha had a strut; I'd noticed that but was a moron entirely to have missed the bigger picture that came straight from the streets. I missed it entirely until someone else I worked with, who had a mouth as big as mine (we are few) said "I don't understand why they don't sell it on the street."

FedEx has cameras everywhere--despite Wanzl's claim to me that it had cameras too, so knew everything, Wanzl actually had none--FedEx also has posted all over the hub signs that clearly say "If you see people doing stupid, illegal things and tell us, we might pay you for and appreciate that information." "The girls" were a huge problem; some thought them skanks so didn't want to work with or be around them. They were considered lowly people--prostitutes are also often seen that way. One manager was sleeping with two of the girls simultaneously--he lacked front teeth but wasn't an old man; in return, they both got cushy gigs--that sent some people through the roof because I was there as they snapped. They wanted to kill management because they said they would. I began to be taken off the schedule, too--how FedEx works is the more hours you work the closer you get to benefits. The less you work the farther away all that will be. One of the managers involved was married; he gotten involved too somehow, ruining his career with FedEx who demoted him when it found-out after all of this "went corporate." He probably lost his entire life when his wife found-out why his job really shit the bed--and over who. Only one of the three was attractive. Anne was the worst of the bunch; I did know, though, that there was a whole lotta loving' going on at the hub, anyway. I once saw a couple kissing--that's

not something often seen at work and certainly not in loveless shipping. I didn't like Anne and wasn't the only one--she threw things in anger, she seemed like she was on pills, she looked intentionally underfed and needed a sandwich, she looked like she was trying to keep the pounds off as age crept-up, she was thirty going on fifty, but she had connections she got the old-fashioned way. They went all the way to Moon Township, PA who fought for her sight unseen; how the system works is you have to be a member--once you're a member, and it doesn't take much, the system works for you. FedEx in Newton called-up some goon from Charlotte whose name I've forgotten--I was put in an office with him for interrogation. He bullied me to hand over my badge and other games that failed to get me to fire myself into quitting as I folded under pressure; I made it past The Mob backroom. He was hired for size, coming to Newton a few times from Charlotte--for all of this, when we all could have been doing something else. FedEx has some sort of no-violence/harassment policy it claims to be serious about--it's so serious it gives you an I.D. and another card explaining exactly that. I still have that card FedEx gives employees explaining how FedEx wants you to tell someone in the event you feel threatened, intimidated or possibly even uncomfortable; I would imagine they want to know ahead of time the next shooting, assault or workplace murder. People won't work there if that happens--it will be bad for business overall, it'll give the company a stink that might cost them customers too, so FedEx claims they're interested in preventing all that from the start. If you think someone's going to hit you or you think someone's unstable they apparently want to know--but in truth, it only covers their ass concerning the probable future as a result of their clearly not managing much. The problem is them but if someone has an issue with someone else that the company knew about long ago and did nothing about, it has a policy bailing them out of it. I still have that card stuck in my driver's side window; although I don't worry about FedEx much anymore, at the time I had little idea how far all of this would go--I'd been trailed at Sheetz, so stuck my FedEx no-violence policy card in my driver's side window where it yellows and cracks today. That way if they found me--which they already "had" once--they would have had an immediate reminder of the rules. FedEx was missing its deadlines as this went on; trucks were leaving without everything.

That's not supposed to happen but it did; FedEx's schtick is deadlines--FedEx management was distracted by its libido and party scene so was the last to know a truck was already gone. You could see the look of fear on negligent faces once they realized a dock was empty too soon; I was so fucking glad I wasn't them--it would be certainly found-out by some VIP the next day and when it did you didn't want to be around. After quitting FedEx--as advised to by police who told me the company had something for me if I stuck around--I got a call from Ryan who asked me if I was coming in that day--I told him I wasn't. He taunted me by thanking me for my perfect attendance. I think he was involved with the girls, too, because he was; he had had personal

meetings with Anne, too, get-togethers were clearly all about the trouble people were in. Now I have to worry if Valentin recognized me but was playing it off; if I knew he was out there I would not have went out there and certainly not helped him with a re-delivery. I would have made sure he never saw me; on the surface I think he remembers me but what he will do with that information, if he does anything, I'll never know. Who gets to me first I'll never know to begin with; that's been the case for awhile. I began not telling people at work where I live anymore.

That's an indicator of some of the places I've worked since, some of which were worse than FedEx but were also major corporations. If someone comes for me where I live, and they get away entirely I'll never know who it was because there's been too many--it can be any number of people. Nearly everyone at FedEx gunned for me, until I left, but then it continued at Sheetz on Springs Road, Hickory, which is rather far from 28658. At the hub, I had management slamming packages on the ground they knew I would soon have to pick-up--I'd put them on their desks so they could take it to a truck--I could not cover the amount of nastiness there--it came straight from the top. But I'd also informed FedEx Ethics--when Ethics began calling the hub things began to change--guilty commoners began to sweat and worry about where it was all headed with the Crown and who might be executed. FedEx Ethics is worse than police, who, naturally enough, did nothing--but FedEx Ethics is like the Gestapo. Taesha essentially ran away--Ethics and the mere mention of police had her swiping her badge for good and burning the road up, she was never seen again except for the Sav-A-Lot; prior to escaping to the grocery business, she had a boyfriend at home, a few kids and was one of three full-time hookers at work. Did her boyfriend know? They sometimes actually do; all of these people are often connected on social media--you learn a lot about the system from there. FedEx is a part-time job because it's hard; you can't do for eight hours what they want so the schedule is intentionally shorter--attendance and turnover are rampant problems, anyway. Taesha--who was actually hot--seemed the most active except for Anne who I heard had made an amateur adult DVD with a FedEx truck driver that got passed around. Who would watch it..? Some apparently did because I heard about it. How I "beat" FedEx, however, was their investigation towards me personally because I didn't beat FedEx. All I did was get lucky; if I lived on top of a garage FedEx would have ruined my life--I would have never gotten anything and FedEx owed me. All of this, despite its entertaining aspects, did a number on business.

Once they discovered I was living at The Cedars--they'd asked me at the hub where I was living, so I told them, having no idea they would look into it--they crapped themselves that my spiffy address would certainly get them sued. Most everyone at FedEx looks visibly destitute because they are. Ryan told me it was barely enough to pay the bills; he'd buck-up on you--that was his management style, but over time--like how Felix Chavez asked me if

I "Get high..?" at Wanzl/Techniblit, Ryan began asking me if I liked football. When the crew starts asking you that you're essentially being invited to the party; whether you attend is up to you--if you do, you're in. You'll be a member of the system, too. I didn't hang with the crowd because I have all my teeth and have heard too much about VD--"The Purple Promise," as some-in-the-know joked is what you could get at the hub. I actually hate The Cedars, though--it's why I told them where I was living, that being something else they missed entirely--and The Cedars hates me; I can't stand going over there because it isn't a normal neighborhood; it's where the Dems and the Right live good while others lesser-than-them-both suffer. Kool Park Trailer Park isn't far--Kool Park Trailer Park shouldn't exist but it amazingly does somehow. The entire property looks illegal and if it isn't is a crime scene killing the poor. They run campaigns on people at The Cedars, too; I'm hoping Valentin didn't recognize me but I was about to tell him to keep his over-eater off my schedule in the future and not follow me around and that I hadn't forgotten it--I would have normally said that while threatening to sue or fire his ass, especially if something else happened after he left today, but I do not know if he still remembered me--if he does, and I think he does, he might call the homies and has-beens in management for an update on the whereabouts of who got them the chop and divorce--even after all this time that could happen--some of them lost everything for thinking with what was in their pants and not what's in their head; no one in their right mind would have ever gotten involved with Anne but, of course, she roped them in easy. Valentin also doesn't have his act together. If it was another driver I would have taken the package but for him I wouldn't. I didn't tell him everything I knew about the landlord because I didn't want him to know--if it was anyone else I would have told them so they could plan their day. It seemed he couldn't even find what he was looking for today because he probably couldn't. I remember his truck once being a mess. How prominent I remain at FedEx is I hope I'm not prominent anymore.

Because of hateful resistance from FedEx's .01--who were typically overpaid, incredibly distant, not-all-there, agenda-driven, devious and entirely responsible for however long prostitution flourished before I arrived--their offices were probably right next to Fred Smith's because I know they were via info I used on the employee newsletter. It's how I know you can't change anything in the workplace. All of that is up to them, not you thanks aw 2

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